ON MR. ADDISON.

AN intimate acquaintance of Dr. Johnſon (why ſhould not the reader know it was the author of this eſſay?) adviſed him to ſet about writing his own life, as ſoon as he concluded the biography of the Engliſh poets: for, if he totally neglected it, ſomebody might write it for him. A departed author and all that he leaves behind him are conſidered as much the property of a harpy pen, as a corniſh ſhipwreck or a herriot the rightful claim of the lord of the manor. To obviate this inconvenience and injury, David Hume, juſt before it was too late, compoſed an account of himſelf; telling the world perhaps nothing that was falſe, but probably concealing many things, which, if viewed thro' the wrong end of the perſpective, he fancied might make againſt him. For no man is obliged to become his own accuſer, or be an evidence againſt himſelf. His article in the

Biographia will probably enter into more particulars of his life and opinions. On the poſſibility of Rouſſeau's outliving him (the public is reading at this time the firſt part of Rouſſeau's life written by himſelf with different degrees of approbation) he thought it worth his while to publiſh a defence of his conduct towards that great genius and unhappy man (whom he brought into England) who gave out, that the whole world was in a conſpiracy againſt his life and his independence. Hume (who ſays, he was never attacked by the baleful tooth of calumny) acknowledges he was afraid of the power of his eloquence, which might make more converts than his arguments. Our paſſions are convinced before our reaſon, which is too often made a dupe of. No court but that of Areopagus (annihilated by the popular Pericles) has ſet it's face againſt the ſeduction of oratory. Tropes and figures take the hearer and reader by ſtorm. We muſt be chained to the maſt, if we are determined to hear the muſic of the Syrens. Hume reſolved to have the firſt word againſt Rouſſeau, which in ſome caſes prevents the ill effects of the laſt, and lodged an appeal in his own favour. De Retz thinks

that

that every ſtateſman ſhould be his own hiſtorian, provided he has candour enough to confeſs the errors of his conduct; ſince no one can know the truth ſo well as himſelf. Voltaire praiſes his ingenuouſneſs and the dignity of his mind. Ramſay in his life of Turenne condemns the cardinal and his memoirs. In our own times Lord Cheſterfield recommends the ſtudy of them to his own Son. It is difficult, ſays the *melancholy* Cowley, for a man to ſpeak of himſelf, tho' it is neceſſary on ſome occaſions not to be ſilent. Even a little vanity, that frequent ſpur to ſplendid actions, is to be pardoned, when an illuſtrious ſervant of the public is obliged to enter into a long defenſive narrative. Who is more agreeable than Cicero, Lord Herbert, Cornaro, Sir William Temple, Montagne, Clarendon, Cowley, or even Colley Cibber?

If Mr Addiſon, the intended hero of this eſſay, had been the Plutarch of his own life (for Plutarch enters into a thouſand intereſting particulars and brings his hero into the cloſet) it muſt have made an entertaining volume; though the modeſty and diffidence that accompanied him thro' every ſcene of life, would have prevented him from enlarging on a multitude of things to his own glory and the

diſadvantage of others. For on many occaſions he choſe rather to hide himſelf than be ſeen, and to practiſe reſerve than to open his lips; and, like his patron Lord Somers, even to perform ſervices to others without being paid for them or wanting to have them talked of. As he poſſeſſed the art of writing agreeably on all occaſions, we ſhould have been glad of reading his account of himſelf and his contemporaries. But it probably never entered into his head to be his own hiſtorian. He did not want to erect trophies to his own praiſe: he had no atrocious accuſations to vindicate himſelf from, nor malignant charges that called for a poſthumous defence from the hand of friendſhip. None but a Cicero can require or ſollicit a Lucceius. Addiſon truſted his character to the world as ſoon as he was gone, as he well might. He did not deſire the intervention of a few years, which Lord Bacon demands for his own name, before he gave it to his countrymen.

What Addiſon did not think fit to do for himſelf, has been often done for him. To Mr. Tickell his fellow collegian at Queen's (for Addiſon went from thence a Demy to Maudlin) and his ſecretary, he entruſted an edition of his works, which appeared in four quarto

quarto volumes in 1721, for which he prepared a dedication to his ſucceſſor Mr Craggs, to whoſe patronage he conſigned the editor. During their publication (which was by ſubſcription, and was honoured with the names of all the foreign miniſters) a train of unexpected loſſes followed all the parties concerned but Tickell. The reader ſhall have them in the words of Pope from a letter to Atterbury. "I cannot but think it a very "odd ſet of incidents, that the book (Addi-"ſon's) ſhould be dedicated by a dead man "(Addiſon) to a dead man (Craggs) and "even that the new patron (Warwick) to "whom Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, "ſhould be dead alſo before they were pub-"liſhed." Such were thy triumphs, O Death, over youth and merit! Warwick was carried off by a high fever, and was eſteemed a man of great parts, and Craggs by the ſmall pox. Lady M. Wortley Montague had not as yet brought into England with her the art of inoculation from Turkey, to prevent the bad effects of it in the natural way.

Craggs was one of the firſt characters of the age, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the houſe of Commons. "Let him but find

" abilities, ſays Lord Sunderland, and I will " give him conſequence." The claſſical names of Damon and Pythias, of Pylades and Oreſtes, and Niſus and Euryalus, did not go oftener together in ancient ſtory, than thoſe of Addiſon and Craggs in the real life of modern times. Craggs ſeems to have had but one infirmity, which is come to this writer's knowledge very lately and from good authority. He was aſhamed of the meanneſs of his birth (which Addiſon calls a vicious modeſty); for his father, though by merit raiſed to be poſt maſter general and to be home agent to the Duke of Marlborough) had been only a *Barber*, the reflection of which tormented him through life. Better certainly to be the firſt man of a family, than the laſt; as has been often ſaid. The man of Arpinum was ſuperior to the proudeſt peer of Rome. The concluſion of the jocular epitaph of Prior (who had himſelf been a tavern-boy) is a compleat victory over nobility of birth,

" The ſon of Adam and of Eve—
" Let Bourbon or Naſſau go higher."

The

The democratic couplet of the *old Levellers* ſhall have a place, as there is room for it,

" When Adam delv'd and Eve ſpan,
Who was then a Gentleman ?

Craggs, juſt before he was attacked with his laſt illneſs, accepted the recommendation of Pope to employ Fenton to inſtruct him in Greek. Not ſurely for the purpoſe of making him reliſh his tranſlation of Homer the better, for that is beſt read as an original poem. Cato the Cenſor (if it is not pedantry to mention it) learned Greek as a living language (for it was as general as the French is become to all ſtateſmen) which our ſenator was about to ſtudy as a dead one. Colbert is ſaid to have learned Latin after he became prime miniſter. Craggs died at twenty eight and unmarried. Contemporary ſcandal gave out that he was attached to a Lady of very high quality. " Her name, to uſe the expreſſion of " the grave hiſtorian Lord Clarendon on a ſi- " milar occaſion, ſhall not be divulged in this " place." His early appointment to be Secretary of State, of Lord Bolingbroke to the ſame office, and of Mr. Pitt to be Chancellor of Exchequer, are rarities of premature abilities. Though fruits appeared, the bloſſoms were not gone.

The reader might have had more of Craggs if the Harleian manuſcripts N° 7523. had been conſulted: but he may poſſibly think he has more than enough already. For the epiſode may be too large for the main ſtory.

The celebrated Arthur Moore roſe, ſays Burnet, from being a footman to be a lord of trade; and was a man of great conſequence. He was a man of ſo much knowledge in buſineſs, and ſo hacknied in the ways of men, that he was to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Bolingbroke's adminiſtration, if the Queen had not died. At the acceſſion indeed he was *proſcribed*; poſſibly he was ſuſpected, of touching ſome French or Spaniſh gold, for it was ſaid, *vendidit hic auro patriam.*

Tickell was amply provided for in Ireland, was a good Whig, and died with an unblemiſhed reputation. Mr. Tickell, one of the favourite writers of the town, and a man of genius and vivacity, is the grandſon of this friend of Addiſon. To the edition of Addiſon's works above mentioned was prefixed the firſt hiſtorical relation of the author. It dealt enough in praiſe, which the ſubject will deſerved, from a benefactor and a reviewer of his life. It told little more

than

than all his contemporaries knew. But that becomes hiſtory to the preſent age. The delicacy of his ſituation and the recency of ſeveral matters might prevent him from entering into many particulars. He was rather too near than too far diſtant from events to tell all the truth. As a writer perhaps he performed his beſt. Steele, who ſeems to reſent the preference ſhewn to Tickell, ſpeaks but indifferently of the biography, and is very free with the edition, on account of omiſſions and of commiſſions. Before the play of the Drummer (of which he ſeems to have had the property) in a letter to Mr. Congreve, he complains as if he had received an injury, and treats Tickell with contempt, as if he knew nothing of his hero or his performances. Tickell had omitted the Comedy of the Drummer, and aſſigned ſome pieces to Addiſon, that Steele had taken upon himſelf to be the author of, and to be anſwerable for, in order to ſcreen his friend. I hope now, ſays Steele, the perſons who are ſatiriſed will reſtore me their good will. A couplet from Swift becomes applicable as it is ſpiteful:

" Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit."

But

But, on recollection, Swift moſt likely had Steele in his eye, for publiſhing a celebrated, grave, ironical, dedication to the Pope, well known to be written by Biſhop Hoadly, and letting it to paſs for his own.——But Steele had wit enough of his own to carry on the author's trade, though he accepted the cuſtomary bounty of a friend. Steele promiſes to give the town a more particular account of Addiſon and of his genius, which was original. He who knew ſo much of him as to aſſert, that *his pulſe was regular*, and that Congreve knew it alſo, in contradiction to Tickell's obſervation, probably could tell a great deal relating to his perſon and his temper. He had alſo the advantage of being his ſchool-fellow at the Charter houſe. As he had paſſed ſo many literary and convivial hours with him, he muſt have had opportunities of remarking his peculiarities, and have diſcovered the inmoſt receſſes and ſources of his wit. He who had ſeen him ſo often *both when ſober and when mellow*, muſt have been in poſſeſſion of good materials. But what the bottle tells (which is generally a great tell-tale) perhaps it is the duty of friendſhip to keep ſecret. It was then, as Steele obſerves to Congreve, he

fancied

fancied himſelf in company with Terence and Scipio and Lælius. When heated with wine, his wit ran over, and he exemplified the obſervation on the flying fiſh, which, in the line of the poet, "ſoars higheſt when it's "wings are wet." What cooled the warmth of Sir Richard's inclinations to deſcribe his companion, it is too late to enquire. Steele about this time perhaps, as Swift unmercifully expreſſes it of his once familiar acquaintance till party made them enemies,

"From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to ſtarve and die in Wales."

Addiſon's article from the General Dictionary is reprinted in a ſmall octavo, there being a demand for it; and his life is copiouſly and correctly written in the Biographia. It has been ſcribbled over and over again in magazines of all titles, and will be written and reprinted as long as authors employ bookſellers, and bookſellers can find authors. This hiſtorical Eſſay follows the biographical and critical preface of Dr. Johnſon, who has remarked with his uſual acuteneſs on his writings, and given his life with impartiality, though Addiſon was a Whig. But his religious principles are ſo high

high in his favour, that his political ones receive the leſs animadverſion. To take up a pen after this author would be preſumption, (tho' it were only for a few confidential readers,) if the deſign were not to enquire after anecdotes that may have eſcaped the notice of former collectors, and to endeavour to ſay ſomething that has not been ſaid before. The reader, who thinks he is in poſſeſſion of all that is to be known, might otherwiſe wonder at ſuch a ramble of the pen, for ſo beaten a topic :

" For what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale ?

Poſſibly Time, who like Janus has two faces to look forward and retroſpectively, and whoſe daughter is Truth, may have employed it to develope ſomething that has not been brought to light. Every incident relative to a great man contains a degree of importance, and ought to be ſaved from oblivion. A printed ſheet that preſents a ſingle occurrence, which is new to the ear or to the eye, and does honour to the ſubject, and to human nature, ought to be reſcued from becoming waſte paper.—Moſt characters require the palliation of biography rather than the partialiaty of panegyrick.

gyrick. For who have lived with ſo much caution and propriety as to deſerve commendation for every thing they have ſaid or done? How few can affirm of the beſt of their acquaintance, as Mr Locke does of Dr. Pocock, that in the courſe of a long and exact knowledge of him, he never heard nor ſaw him do or ſay any thing unworthy of his profeſſion or character? Let Locke himſelf come in for a ſhare of this ſort of commendation. Biſhop Fell employed ſpies upon his conduct and converſation, in order to make or find a ſufficient excuſe for his expulſion from his ſtudentſhip of Chriſt-Church on account of his attachment to Lord Shafteſbury. Locke muſt have been circumſpection itſelf, "*ſilence* "*watching o'er his lips*," for Fell gave up at laſt the inquiſitorial employment he had long held, and reported to Lord Sunderland his bad ſucceſs, for, *that ſo great a maſter of taciturnity and paſſion never exiſted.* Every great man would do well to fancy the ſatiriſt and hiſtorian at his elbow, to notify his conduct and to proclaim his actions. What will poſterity think of me? would be a proper queſtion, as a ſpur and a check for moſt men. Addiſon's tongue was as little a blab as moſt men's. He was able almoſt to ſet obſervation at defi-

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ance: grave even to prudery, and abſent though preſent (but not in mind, like Bruyere's abſentee in the Spectator) amongſt ſtrangers, and never perhaps off his guard even at the *Club*, though the *leges convivales* generally juſtify it. Mandeville, the entertaining but the immoral author of the Fable of the Bees, who had paſſed an evening with Addiſon at Lord Macclesfield's, obſerved characteriſtically of him, *that he was a clergyman in a tye wig*. Perhaps he kept his mouth ſhut more cloſely than uſual, and more than he had been uſed to do under the roof of Lord Somers. Addiſon had juſt before drawn the preamble to the new Chancellor's patent. — If Mr. Addiſon had more of the church than the ſtate in his countenance, it is no wonder, for his father was Dean of Litchfield, and deſigned him for an eccleſiaſtic.

Addiſon (for at length begins his perſonal hiſtory) was born at Milſton, near Ambreſbury, in 1672. He had all the external appearance of a very ſhort life, for (unleſs we are miſinformed) he was laid out for dead (as is ſaid of Lord Lyttelton) as ſoon as he was born. It certainly does not appear that he was born before his time, or that his mother

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miſcarried of him, as was the caſe with Hobbes of Malmſbury, by his mother's fright on account of the Spaniſh armada, in 1588. Notwithſtanding that accident, the philoſopher lived beyond ninety; and too long, if, as reported, he was afraid of death and the dark, which had no terrors for the Chriſtian Addiſon.

Addiſon lived not half the days of Hobbes, but to much better purpoſe, by his precept and example: he did more good with his pen, during his ſhort life, than Hobbes had done miſchief; which is ſaying a great deal: for his countryman was much read and admired by his contemporaries, had great friends and great enemies; and wrote with a remarkable felicity of expreſſion. In this talent, as well as in the purity of morals and politics (in one of which Hobbes is ſaid to make mankind licentious, and in the other ſlaves) Addiſon, the ſubject of this rhapſody, excelled him. The fame of Hobbes is decaying very faſt, while Addiſon, according to the obſervation of David Hume (no cowardly philoſopher with regard to death or darkneſs) will be read with pleaſure, when [even] Locke ſhall be entirely forgotten.

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He went a good claſſic ſcholar to the univerſity about fifteen, where in a few years he obtained a reputation by his Latin and his Engliſh poetry. It is ſaid that the Saturday's papers in the Spectator, were ſubjects and parts of his intended ſermons, if he had taken orders. Lord Halifax dedicated him to the State, and ſaid, he ſhould never do the Church any other harm, than in keeping Mr Addiſon out of it. At the age of twenty two, he wrote a copy of verſes to Dryden and afterward aſſiſted him with an eſſay on the Georgics and the arguments to the books of Virgil. Dryden, whoſe praiſe was fame, called him, in a preface, "the moſt ingenious "Mr Addiſon of Oxford." His account in verſe of the Engliſh poets (a poor account indeed, and deſcriptive of Spenſer, which it ſeems he had not then read) he addreſſed to Sacheverell, whoſe ſiſter it was ſaid he was courting. Whatever truth there may be in that tradition, he renounced both brother and ſiſter, for other connexions and purſuits. In the following year, ſays the entertaining Campbell, he began to have higher views, for he compoſed a poem to King William, and addreſſed it to Lord Keeper Somers. Somers became

became his patron through life; and Addiſon remembered and repaid it, in an elegant and juſt tribute to his memory, in the Freeholder. He had dedicated his Travels and the firſt volume of the Spectator to that great man. Finding Mr. Addiſon with ſtrong inclinations to travel, he procured him an annual penſion of 300 *l.* for that purpoſe. He viſited Boileau at Paris, and made him a preſent of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, which contained his Latin poems. This gave Boileau the firſt proof of the turn of Engliſhmen towards poetry, and their capacity for writing Latin verſes. It does not appear that Boileau knew a ſyllable of Engliſh literature. This was the caſe with Fontenelle, whom Voltaire praiſes for his knowledge of the languages, as appears by a letter from Fontenelle to Lockman on his receiving his Engliſh verſion of Cupid and Pſyche, which he dedicated to him. This was the caſe alſo with Rouſſeau, who tried, whilſt in London, to learn Engliſh from grammar and from converſation. But he ſoon gave it up, as an inſuperable difficulty. Addiſon continued a whole year at Blois, where the beſt French is ſpoken. He had occaſion for that language as long as he

lived. Jacob Tonſon uſed to obſerve, whenever he came to Addiſon for the Spectator, that Bayle's French Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary lay always open before him; and he became a conſtant reader of French books. He was to have continued longer abroad, and been appointed ſecretary to prince Eugene. But the death of King William, which he heard of at Geneva, made a new arrangement, and put an end to his penſion. At what time of his travels he became tutor to Lord Warwick, does not appear. Not having an hiſtorical guide, a poetical one muſt ſuffice. Swift in a poem in 1729 has theſe lines, applicable to this enquiry,

"Thus Addiſon, by Lords careſt,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſt,
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a 'Squire."

His poetical letter from Italy to Lord Halifax does honour to him as a poet and an Engliſhman. Liberty always came well out of his mouth and from his pen. Ambroſe Philips writes a very poetical epiſtle (which has the praiſe of Pope for ſome of the lines) to the Duke of Dorſet from Copenhagen, where

where he reſided in a public character, which is in the faſhion at leaſt of his friend Addiſon. But the images are from the North. Lady M. W. Montague has an elegant copy of verſes, written and dated from the Chiaſk at Pera, overlooking Conſtantinople. The poem of the Traveller, by my late acquaintance Dr. Goldſmith, is a more laboured compoſition than any of the foregoing, and of the ſame complexion—

"Tho' laſt, not leaſt in love."

Addiſon was about three years on his travels; and when he returned, he diſcharged ſome old debts he had contracted at Oxford, and with the generoſity of good intereſt. When he left England he was confeſſedly diſtreſſed in his circumſtances, and did not return much richer; for it has been often aſſerted, that he was as poor as a church-mouſe. He could not ſay, for a great while, in the line of Swift, "I'm poor, yet owe no man a "groat." It became neceſſary for him, in the language of Lord Bacon, to write that he might live, inſtead (which was according to the laſt wiſh and hope of his friends) of living that he might write. It is the fate of ſcholars to be condemned to draw bills upon

Fortune, who never pays them at ſight. Very few obtain a prize in the lottery of life, who even venture a ticket. Swift was obliged to ſave a thouſand pounds when he reſided at his Deanery, before he could call any thing his own. Pope, without his ſubſcription to Homer, could never have quitted Binfield, and have paid for the purchaſe of his houſe at Twickenham:

"But, thanks to Homer, ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince nor peer alive,"

ſays the poet briſkly of himſelf. Addiſon was full of obſervation and curioſity whilſt he continued abroad. It is rather the taſte to depreciate his volume of travels. But they were well received by the public, and had a rapid ſale. Does not Pope ſay ſomewhere, there is not an obſervation, that ſhows him to have been a judge, or a lover of the polite arts? The account of St. Marino has lately been allowed to be the only place of which he could not have written at home. Cardinal Alberoni made that republic much talked of. It is obſervable, that Addiſon makes no diſplay of Italian literature, if he acquired any.

any. Lord Orrery (and alſo Lord Cheſterfield) in his epiſtolary Tour in Italy, ſeems to be ſorry to be obliged to acknowledge there are ſo many miſtakes in Addiſon's book, and ſays, he is beholden to Alberti for his mode of viewing Italy. Where was the neceſſity of pilfering a faſhion from Alberti, and of ſeeing with his eyes, when he aſſerts, that before he left England, to refreſh his memory, he read over all the poets as geographers and hiſtorians? So well does he know where he is, that he cries out,

"Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground."

Though Addiſon touched on many things, as a poet, a virtuoſo, a politician, and a man of the world, he left Italy worth being viſited by other eyes and other pens to advantage; for its riches and rarities, he ſays, are found to be inexhauſtible.

Notwithſtanding what Laſſells, Burnet, Addiſon, Blainville, Wright, Keyſler, Smollet, down to Lady Miller and Dr. Moore (who made good uſe of his ears as well as

his eyes) have communicated, Italy will continue to be ſurveyed; and, from the examples and deſcriptions given by Sir William Hamilton, Baron Riſdale, and Brydone, Malta and Sicily may be included in the idea of the Grand Tour.

It was a whiſper, and came afterward to the loudneſs of a report, that Lord Warwick loſt his tutor for ſome time at Venice, and that he was diſcovered coming out of the houſe of a courtezan. Luckily, it was not the place "*from whoſe bourn no traveller returns.*" The rigid Cato would have permitted a viſit, but not a reſidence, in ſuch manſions. Might not Addiſon's curioſity carry him thither, like the old Cenſor's into the theatre, only to come out again? But when and where continence is eſteemed a greater virtue than at Venice, Addiſon afforded a notable example of it. A married Lady, of whom he was enamoured, whilſt ſhe continued ſingle, gave him encouragement to renew his addreſſes, which might ſoon and eaſily have ended in an aſſignation. Addiſon had the integrity to reſiſt the temptation, and wrote her a letter (which was printed about twenty

twenty years ago) politely repulſing the ſolicitation. Hiſtory commends, highly and properly, the conduct of Scipio to his Spaniſh captive. But we may be more certain of the motive and merit of Addiſon, which was no leſs than the ſacrifice of old love *(And O! how hard the ſcience to forget!)* at the altar of Virtue (till ſome future Nævius ſhall diſpute the fact and unauthenticate the letter); than we are of Scipio's difficulty in preferring paſſion to glory. The glare of that meteor miſled the Romans from the moſt natural emotions and affections. However, where noble actions are performed, none but a Rochfoucault would attribute them to ignoble motives.

In 1704 he and his friends were out of place, till the incident of the battle of Blenheim found an occupation for him. Lord Godolphin conſulted Lord Halifax (who had written a good copy of verſes on the battle of the Boyne) to recommend a poet to celebrate this victory. Halifax inſtantly thought of Addiſon, and took an opportunity of reproaching the Lord Treaſurer for his neglect of men of letters.—Surely the keeping lite-

rary men out of employ cannot be laid to the charge of Lord North; nor will it probably be an accuſation againſt his ſucceſſor, for Learning is the faſhion. The board of trade, *dum Troja fuit*, had five men of ſo much reputation for brilliancy and literature, that they could have formed a conſtellation to adorn the *Georgium Sidus*.

The Miniſter accepted the recommendation; and Mr. Boyle the Chancellor of the Exchequer was deſired to notify this buſineſs to Addiſon. Since the viſit paid by Lord Danby to Andrew Marvel, in the laſt century, inſtances have been very uncommon of a miniſter of ſtate aſcending the ſtair caſe of a poet's lodgings. Swift's compelling Lord Oxford at his levee to diſtinguiſh Parnelle, was to the honour of all three. Prior gratefully and politely terms the viſit of Lord Oxford, even on the purpoſe of taking a dinner with him,

"Of honour a more glorious proof,
Tho' Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof."

Addiſon immediately entered upon his poetical labour, which was finiſhed to the ſatisfaction of his employer. The Campaign ſet the

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ſeal upon his poetical character, and was

" His general paſſport thro' the gates of fame."

The applauded ſimile, or alluſion to the angel of vengeance, cut out work for the painter and engraver. Every ſucceeding edition had the pictureſque frontiſpiece. There cannot be a greater proof of the goodneſs of poetry, than it's bearing to be perſonified by the hand of the Artiſt; *ut pictura poeſis erit.*

The poem of the Campaign, ſays Voltaire, (which he probably read and underſtood) will laſt longer than the commemorating pillar in Woodſtock park, and (perhaps) the excellent lapidary inſcription written by Dr. Hare. He acknowledges the important conſequences of that day, as does preſident Henault in his excellent Chronological Hiſtory. If it is now conſidered as no better than a Gazette in rhyme, or even than an old Gazette, it has had it's day, and was once thought more highly of. Dr. Johnſon has vindicated it from the accuſation of ſome injurious criticiſm.

The nation believed the Independency of Europe was preſerved by that victory. The poet had his ſhare of praiſe with the Conqueror. Achilles is only known by the poetry of Homer. The march from the Rhine to

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the Danube was as memorable as the expedition of Xenophon. The battle of Blenheim was as important as any in modern ſtory. Pharſalia and Philippi alone were attended with greater conſequences. This deciſive battle was fought on a Sunday, on the morning of which Marlborough took the ſacrament, being determined to conquer or to die. He might have ſaid in the words of the Dutch admiral Opdam, "Before night my "head will be either covered with laurel or "with cypreſs." This was *a proud day for England*, for the battle of Hockſted and the ſea-fight off Malaga were at the ſame time. "Your Grace, ſays Tallard, who "became his priſoner, has conquered the "beſt army in the world—your Excellency, "replies Marlborough, muſt except the army "that beat it." The trophies were hung up in Weſtminſter-hall.—Addiſon grows ſo warm in his deſcription of his hero, that it is worth while to tranſcribe a few lines, to prove the power of the writer for heroic poetry:

"'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war;

In

In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage."

Sure theſe animated lines are full of poetry and painting. Is it not hiſtorical, perſonal, and poetical? This Campaign looks well on the walls of Blenheim-houſe; "and the wa-"ter of the Danube runs for ever purple "through the loom." The tapeſtry is in high preſervation, and it is eaſy to diſtinguiſh (contrary to what remains in our royal palaces) in the words of one of our ſenators, whether it is Arras or Arachne.

Addiſon converted half the Tories to a continental war, which was the ſubject of great debate in the firſt cabinet council of the Queen. European fields of battle have given way to American ones; and the Danube has made room for the Cheſapeak, which will ſoon have its poets and hiſtorians. Marlborough deſerved all the honours he received, and all the praiſes in the Campaign:

"And factions ſtrove who ſhould applaud him moſt."

Addiſon did not want the excuſe of our great miniſter Mr. Pitt, even for prolonging the war of the Allies againſt France, which

which he made in parliament after the affair of Cloſter-Severn, "I carried you not to the Continent, I found you there." For he was by principle for a land war inſtead of one by ſea, and for foreign alliances, which Sir William Temple had made the nation in love with. And, as things have turned out, would it not have been better if our ſtateſmen had not forgotten the leſſon he taught them? For after the peace, Bolingbroke ſays, he engaged in a two-hours converſation with Addiſon, and their politics differed *toto cælo* from each other. The Tories employed the talents of the Splendid-ſhilling Philips. But the blank verſe of his Blenheim was routed by the rhymes of the Whig Campaign. This pen takes the liberty of digreſſion; but ſhall not write a digreſſion in praiſe of digreſſion; for that has been already performed.—It is remarkable that John Dennis (the living Zoilus) obtained a reward for writing on this fruitful ſubject from the Duke of Marlborough, who even gave him a purſe of fifty guineas. Dennis may be ſaid to have been in the pay and ſervice of the Duke. An author, who did not live on the top of Parnaſſus, remarks in his common-place book the

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generoſity of a gallant ſoldier to this purpoſe. "General Ligonier (one of the heroes at Blenheim, and who performed ſuch ſervice at Laval) gave me this day fifty pounds. It is his rule, whenever he ſees me, to give me all the money he has in his pocket." It is pleaſing to record acts of generoſity. It is not univerſally known, that John Dennis thought he had offended the King of France beyond forgiveneſs by the number of the pamphlets he wrote againſt him, and waited on our Duke on the talk of peace, with the hope that his Grace would intercede, to prevent him from being yielded a ſacrifice to the French. The Duke told him, "he believed "he had done France as much miſchief as "he could boaſt of; but he ſhould make no "terms even for himſelf." Dennis flattered or frightened himſelf, that his eloquence againſt Lewis had the ſame effect as the ſpeeches of Demoſthenes againſt Philip, and that the Orators were to be given up.

Lord Godolphin conferred on our occaſional laureat the place of Commiſſioner of Appeals, in the room of Mr. Locke, appointed a Lord of Trade. The next year Addiſon attended Lord Halifax to Hanover; and

and the year after he was appointed Secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, and was continued in that office by his ſucceſſor Lord Sunderland. About this time he was importuned to compoſe the opera of Roſamond, which he dedicated to the Dutcheſs of Marlborough. He had written a Spectator on the ſubject of the Italian Opera, and of the poſſibility of accompliſhing one for muſic, in Engliſh verſification. But the vowels are more capable of muſical expreſſion than the conſonants. Arne, who ſet Comus ſo deliciouſly in our own times, adapted to muſic the opera of Roſamond, which contains ſome pleaſing airs. But the effects of even Italian muſic, according to Monteſquieu, can only be felt in its own warm native climate. Engliſh numbers ſpoil the ſweetneſs of vocal melody. Addiſon wrote the prologue to Steele's Tender Huſband, who was ſurprized next morning with a dedication of that comedy to him. Poets ſometimes love to play into the hands of one another. Goldſmith dedicated one of his comedies to Dr. Johnſon, whom he ſaw every day.

In 1709 Addiſon attended Lord Wharton to Ireland as his Secretary, with the place of

Keeper

Keeper of the Records, and an increaſed ſalary. How came the moral and religious Addiſon to be in the train of ſuch a man as Wharton, eſpecially as deſcribed by Swift, and acknowledged by Lord Shafteſbury? or how came Wharton to be the Queen's Vicegerent in Ireland, who perhaps thought virtue only to be a name, and who would not have given a guinea to have purchaſed the beſt reputation? Theſe are queſtions that may be anſwered—Wharton forced himſelf upon Lord Godolphin, by ſhewing him a treaſonable letter of his to the abdicated family, that he had got into his poſſeſſion. The reign of Wharton was but ſhort, and he came over to make a bad uſe of the letter. But Godolphin had been too cunning for him, and procured an act of grace in his abſence, which enabled him to ſet Wharton at defiance. As to Addiſon's accepting an employment under this Verres, as delineated by Swift, a ſubordinate officer has no obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of thoſe under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the inſtrument of wickedneſs. This is an obſervation of the laſt biographer,

grapher, who finds good excuſes for Addiſon. The acknowledgment of this debt is ſufficient payment.

Steele ſet up the paper of the Tatler the 12th of April, 1709, whilſt Addiſon was in Ireland and Swift was in England, who threw in a witty eſſay now and than. Addiſon, by a criticiſm he once had communicated, found out that his friend Steele was the editor. By ſuch marks did Eraſmus diſcover Sir Thomas More. Steele received great help from Addiſon while he continued in Ireland, but a ſo much greater on his return, that he confeſſes, he fared like a diſtreſſed potentate who implores aſſiſtance, and is undone by his auxiliary. The reader ſhall have an opinion of Dr. Felton, a contemporary and polite ſcholar, who thus wrote (On the Claſſics) in 1710 on theſe Lucubrations; (for as yet the Spectators were not): "I cannot paſs by the grave and facetious 'Squire Bickerſtaff, who hath drawn mankind in every dreſs and every diſguiſe of nature, in a ſtyle ever varying with the humours, fancies, and follies he deſcribes. He hath ſhewed himſelf a maſter in every turn of his pen, whether

whether his ſubject be light or ſerious; and hath laid down the rules of common life with ſo much judgement, in ſuch agreeable, ſuch lively, and elegant language, that from him your Lordſhip (Lord Roos) may form your manners and your ſtyle." The miniſtry being changed, Addiſon enjoyed more learned leiſure. It is ſuppoſed he now began to read over the works of Tillotſon, towards the formation of an Engliſh dictionary; for Dryden complained that our language was without one. Swift threw out the hint, in a letter to Lord Oxford; Addiſon began to collect the words, but Johnſon, ſingle handed, ſet about the taſk in earneſt, and finiſhed, *tantæ molis erat!* the durable fabric of the Engliſh language.

The paper of the Tatler was ſo well received, that it induced Addiſon to continue that ſpecies of writing, under the new ſignature of the Spectator. *Uno avulſo non deficit alter aureus.* The Tatler indeed was in ſo high eſtimation, and was thought to be capable of doing ſo much ſervice, in the cauſe of virtue and good manners, that ſome gentlemen of reputation and courage publicly

undertook to defend the perſon of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, and revenge themſelves on his aſſaſſins. Steele, in the laſt number, returns his thanks on this occaſion to the generals Davenport and Biſſet, and to Lord Forbes. The firſt number of the Spectator made its appearance in the beginning of March, 1711, in which he gives a jocular account of who he is, or wiſhes to paſs for. What he ſays, in Italics, on the authority of his ſchool-maſter (under his feigned character) *that his parts were ſolid, and would wear well*, was undoubtedly true. This deſcription of himſelf, and of his plan, was turned into immediate ridicule, by a rival eſſayiſt; as his future criticiſm on Chevy Chace, was by a Mr. Wagſtaff. But neither of theſe hoſtile pens ſhortened the days of the Spectator. He died his own literary death, when he thought he had lived long enough; for he was as much maſter of his own exiſtence, as the perſon mentioned by Dr. Cheyne, who had it in his power to die when he pleaſed, and who actually breathed his laſt in an experiment, in the preſence of that phyſician.

The characters of the Club were drawn by Steele, in the ſecond number; and are well

well done. The ſcene of the club is the frontiſpiece to the ornamented edition of Tonſon. Well deſigned are all the drawings for the Spectator, Guardian, and Tatler (to ſay nothing of Milton and Shakſpeare) by Hayman, who caught the dramatic art of grouping converſation-figures from Gravelot. Neither the Banquet of Xenophon, nor the Club of Ben Jonſon, nor any of literary or convivial merit, have been ſo uſeful as the Spectator. Theſe papers contained as little of party as a party-man could help. The principal and moſt prominent character is Sir Roger de Coverley, underſtood to be drawn for Sir John Packington of Worceſterſhire, a Tory, not without good ſenſe, but abounding in abſurdities. It appears from Swift's Journal to Stella, that he gave the hints of ſeveral of the ſpeculations to Addiſon, with whom he always lived upon the beſt terms. They were publiſhed every morning, and had all the readers that were then to be had: but it was not ſo reading an age as the preſent. And yet, according to Tickell, twenty thouſand were printed every morning; for wit and

humour were not cramped by ſtamp-duties. At the publiſher's computation of twenty to a number, it had four hundred thouſand readers. The Spectator was a newſpaper as well as an eſſay. Sir Roger makes a figure in every volume. Addiſon alone knew how to conduct his hero properly. At leaſt, Steele ſo much offended him, by putting him into a ridiculous ſituation under the Temple-cloyſters, that he would not ſuffer him to have any thing more to do with him, but reſcued him from his pen. Addiſon thought it ſafeſt and beſt to give an account of the death of the old knight himſelf, leſt, as he ſaid, he ſhould be murdered by baſe hands. We wiſh he had given us ſome more of his adventures firſt. A comedy, with the title of Sir Roger de Coverley, written by a Mr. Miller, though a Reverend, is amongſt the forgotten things. Long before the concluſion of the Spectator, ſeveral of the greateſt wits contributed their mite, in order to give or to get conſequence. Steele, Hughes, Pearce, Budgell, Byrom, Grove, and Mr. Yorke (under the ſignature of Phil. Homebred) who became Earl Hardwicke, and after having been Chancellor for twenty

twenty years, wrote an elegant copy of verſes to Lady Egremont, were not aſhamed to retail virtue and morality in theſe eſſays.—Cato's Letters, the Craftſman, the North Briton, and Junius, though ſeaſoned with Cayenne and even with Attic ſalt, had not a greater periodical ſale, and are not to be found in ſo many bookrooms as thoſe moral papers. Addiſon ſays in character, that he ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of him, that he brought philoſophy (which Socrates brought down from heaven) out of cloſets and libraries, ſchools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and aſſemblies, at tea-tables and at coffee-houſes. Of the particular authors of theſe diurnal compoſitions we cannot aſcertain the names. The Biſhop of Dromore, whilſt only Dr. Percy, was expected to point them out. Whoever has books, as Cheſterfield ſays of Swift, has the Spectator. It was thought the magic of the title would make a ninth volume popular. It was undertaken by other hands, but did not ſucceed. The entertaining Eſſays of the Mirror will ſtand their ground: but it is doubtful whether they would bear a continuation by other pens, or

even the old ones. The World, the Rambler, Connoiſſeur, Adventurer, and the Idler, muſt not be meddled with by a Procruſtes, to make them more or leſs.

It is in recollection, that a Mr. Bayne, in a letter from Scotland, writes of a ſtory recorded in the Spectator, with the ſignature of Amanda, which he attributes to Hughes, that "when that letter came out in the Spectator (to give the reader an idea of the effect of its having a place there) as the paper was generally read at breakfaſt, it mixed tears with a great deal of the tea that was that morning drunk in London and Weſtminſter."—"The Spectator, ſays Voltaire to Mr. Sharp, puts your Plato's out of countenance: and the morals of Plutarch are fit only for the grocer's ſhop or the trunk-maker."

The Guardian had the ſame diſtinguiſhing marks of Addiſon's aſſiſtance. But the writers ſeem to be more reſerved and ſerious than in the Spectator. The vein of humour might not be ſo rich as it had been (perhaps a little exhauſted, like the ſilver mines of Potoſi), and their reſpect for the public made them

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unwilling to loſe the praiſe they had got, or unwilling to entice the reader to laugh. Beſides, a Guardian is a more ſerious perſonage than a Spectator, a Tatler, or a Lover.

When the Guardian was laid down by Steele, to wield a political pen, Mr. Hughes offered to ſerve under Mr. Addiſon in a new periodical paper, to be publiſhed three times a week, and to be called the *Regiſter:* a title which was more approved of than *The Humanity Club.* Addiſon very civilly refuſes it, in a letter from Bilton near Rugby, Warwickſhire, pleading the neceſſity of taking breath, after having been almoſt exhauſted; but recommending Hughes to undertake it ſingly, which he declines.

Addiſon adhered to the Whigs through principle, as well as through intereſt. In 1707 he publiſhed a pamphlet, to urge the proſecution of the war; and by land, in preference to that by ſea. Three years afterward he wrote five numbers of the Whig Examiner, which was continued by other able men, under the name of the Medley, in order to make repriſals on the Tory Examiner; which, he ſays in his Freeholder, ought

to nave been called the Executioner. His papers are written with great ſpirit and power. He ridicules and confutes Bolingbroke's letter to the Examiner, defends a poem of Garth againſt Prior, and makes an excellent party ſpeech for general Stanhope, in the name of Alcibiades to the Athenians, to lampoon a Mr. or Sir John Croſs, the Tory brewer in Weſtminſter, who got the election againſt the Whigs.—Whilſt he was upon his travels he compoſed a dramatic poem, on the ſtory of Cato: on his return he converted it into a tragedy, of which he diſplayed four finiſhed acts to his friends. Hughes wrote, or undertook to write, the fifth act, which, however, Addiſon did not accept; for Hughes told him, that ſomething ought to be done for *Liberty* at that criſis. Addiſon ſet about his own fifth act, which was finiſhed in leſs than a week; for which he is ſaid to have been beholden to May's Supplement of Lucan.

Hughes urged it to be brought upon the ſtage. Pope adviſed that it ſhould be publiſhed, and not acted. But Addiſon told him it was promiſed to take its chance on the

ſtage.

ſtage. Pope wrote the prologue, and Garth the epilogue. Swift was at the rehearſal of Cato; and writes, "there were not above half a dozen of us to ſee it. We ſtood on the ſtage; and it was fooliſh enough to ſee the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab (Mrs. Oldfield) that acts Cato's daughter, out in the midſt of a paſſionate part; and then calling out, What's next? I dined privately with Mr. Addiſon." Steele procured friends to ſupport it, as he promiſed, or, in other words, *he packed an audience*, on its firſt appearance. It ran for 35 nights uninterruptedly. The Tories divided the applauſe, and turned the tables upon the Whigs; for Bolingbroke gave Booth a purſe of fifty guineas from the ſtage-box, for defending liberty againſt a perpetual dictator—meaning the diſcarded Whig miniſtry. But Addiſon, to compliment his party (a ſlave to party, child and man the ſame, as Pope would here malignantly ſay of him) refuſed to dedicate it to the Queen, who had expreſſed an inclination for that purpoſe. The ſoliloquy is finely turned into Latin by Dr. Bland, in the Spectator. Euſtace Budgell made an unhappy

happy uſe of the ſuicide in the play: expecting the conſequences of a proſecution on account of forging the will of Dr. Tindal, he drowned himſelf in the Thames, and left this line in his bureau,

"What Cato did, and Addiſon approved,
Cannot be wrong."

The applauſe or cenſure of the town is too loud for printed criticiſm. Dennis wrote ably againſt this tragedy, and Pope and Sewel for it. Addiſon diſapproved of Pope's pamphlet againſt Dennis, in its favour. In all theatres and booths where plays are acted, or can be got up, is Cato repreſented. It does not appear but that this tragedy was a preſent to the theatre. It is adjudged fitter for the cloſet than the ſtage, and a better poem than a play. When I am hearing the ſoliloquy (ſays Guthrie, in an excellent diſcourſe on tragedy, where he is comparing it with Hamlet's) I am thinking more of Addiſon than of Cato.

On the death of the Queen, Addiſon was appointed Secretary to the Lords of the Regency. From the information of Mr. Hume it is inſerted here, that the republican Fletcher of Salton was in London, whilſt

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they were ſitting at the Cockpit, and obſerved upon the occaſion, that "he never ſaw the throne of Great Britain ſo well filled." Bolingbroke waited at the door with his ſecretary's papers, and received orders who had been uſed to give them. It was in Addiſon's power to have been Secretary of State at the Acceſſion; but he choſe to wave it for the preſent. It was at this Council board an obſervation was made, that his appointment did not anſwer the expectation of his friends. He had to notify the death of the Queen to the Court of Hanover; but was ſo nice or ſo tedious that a clerk was employed to write it. Official buſineſs in general is better performed by ſecond than firſt rate men. An ivory knife will cut paper, ſays Swift, more truly and evenly than a ſharp razor. Lord Arlington had been diſappointed or deceived in ſome matter he truſted to Sir William Temple. "I am rightly ſerved," ſays the ſtateſman, "for employing a man of learning on ſuch a buſineſs. I will take care in future how I depend upon a ſcholar." Budgell informs us, that he attended Lord Halifax and Addiſon in a barge to Greenwich, to meet the new King from Hanover. Halifax

ſaid,

ſaid, he expected to have the Treaſurer's ſtaff, and to have great influence, and would endeavour to avoid ſome of the errors of late reigns, and make his maſter a great King; and recommend Addiſon to be a Secretary of State. The poet bluſhed, and thanked him for ſuch honourable friendſhip; but declared that his merits and ambition did not carry him to ſo high a place. Halifax was diſappointed when the king came over: Mr. Walpole had more influence, or ſucceeded by intrigue; which is ſuppoſed to have mortified Lord Halifax ſo highly that he fell into a pulmonic fever, and died ſoon after this unſucceſsful ſtruggle for power.

A rebellion breaking out in 1715, Addiſon drew his pen in the ſervice of Government, in a periodical paper, called the Freeholder. It is a political Spectator, and is compoſed with ſo much good temper, good humour, and touches upon ſo many points of laſting importance, that it is not forgot with the politics of the time. He makes the other party very ridiculous, and the reader laugh at the expence of the vanquiſhed Tories. Nothing but truth can bear the teſt of ridicule,

and

and hardly that. There ſeems to be but one eſſay that calls for capital puniſhment; and that is in anſwer to an ill-intended pamphlet. Steele told old Cibber, that the miniſtry employed a lute when they wanted a trumpet: that trumpet was Steele, in the ſecond volume of the Engliſhman. Addiſon wrote verſes, and fine ones, after the acceſſion; to Sir Godfrey Kneller, on the King's picture, and to the Princeſs of Wales, with the tragedy of Cato. On the appointment of the Earl of Sunderland to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addiſon went over a ſecond time into that Kingdom, as his Secretary. A hint was given him by Lord Sunderland that he ſhould not viſit the Dean of St. Patrick's, who had been miſchievous to the Whigs; and, as appears from his own letters, had, ſince the acceſſion, offered his pen to Lord Bolingbroke. Addiſon ſpoke out plainly, and gave his patron to underſtand, that he would not be dictated to, and would rather loſe his place than give up his intimacy with Dr. Swift. It is moſt likely this came to the knowledge of the Dean. They converſed and correſponded to the end of Addiſon's

ſon's life, and it may be ſuppoſed, from their lateſt letters, their friendſhip was above politics. Addiſon had early influence with Swift; he made him alter his Baucis and Philemon: Swift ſubmitted—and to whom beſide did he make ſubmiſſion? A letter of Addiſon's, preſerved in one of the three laſt volumes of Swift by Mr. Nichols, dated from Dublin, June 3, 1710, (during his firſt viſit to Ireland) is written with great happineſs of expreſſion and warmth of friendſhip, and with an admiration, which he conſtantly preſerved for this great wit. The head and heart that could compoſe ſuch a letter would hardly ſuffer a correſpondence and familiarity to be put a ſtop to.

Sunderland did not remain long in Ireland: he returned to be prime miniſter. Addiſon came back with his patron. He muſtered up courage, while in Ireland, to aſk a certain valuable favour for a Major Dunbar, of his Lordſhip, and ſucceeded for him. Dunbar thought his kindneſs worth a return of a bank note of 300*l.* value. Addiſon would not touch it, and ſent it back. Gratitude offered the value in the ſhape of a diamond ring,

ring, which was alſo rejected, Addiſon aſſuring him, in a letter (which is in print) that the obliging a man of ſo much merit was a ſufficient gratification; as it is to every one "who knows the luxury of doing good;" as Goldſmith ſays of and to his brother.

Addiſon, on his return to England, was made a Lord of Trade; which he held till he was made a Secretary of State.

Among ſome reſolutions Swift wrote down to be taken by himſelf was this, *not to go courting after I am forty.* Himſelf was courted after fifty. Addiſon took great pains to woo, and to win, a widow, the relict of Lord Warwick, when he was forty-five. He had competitors. His wit perhaps won him the race with this Atalanta. Rowe was a rival; and on his real or pretended diſappointment, compoſed the beautiful paſtoral which begins,

"Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream."

This ſong produced, and produces, effects known to all its readers who are familiar with love and tender affections, and which the poet poſſibly felt himſelf, though but for a moment. For the author of Jane Shore is marked by

Addi-

Addiſon, not as a perſon void of benevolent wiſhes, but without a heart: it is to be remembered he had been his rival. It was a long time before Lady Warwick could obtain her own conſent, to give her hand to the tutor of her ſon. She had the pride of half her nation in her; but had ſhe been miſtreſs of the whole principality of Wales ſhe would not have made Addiſon prince of it. Oldmixon, who in this may be believed, ſays in his hiſtory, that he left his fortune to his daughter and to Lady Warwick, (as his laſt will proclaims) which he tells us was about twelve thouſand pounds; and, that the letters and poems he addreſſed to her during his courtſhip (which Addiſon ſays *is the pleaſanteſt part of life*) ſome of which poſſibly may be handed about, would find many readers if they were publiſhed. No doubt his addreſſes were as warm and as poetical as Waller's to Sacchariſſa. Happy might it have been for him, if like Apollo and Waller, when he graſped the nymph, he had

"fill'd his arms with bays."

Tradition reports they were ſeldom in each other's company. His taſte was to be abroad; for

for his home was not comfortable to him. Socrates and Xantippe did not live upon worſe terms. Pride, not jealouſy, was the fury that reigned in her breaſt. Bacchus perhaps had more charms for Addiſon than Venus. He reſembled in two circumſtances his contemporary and countryman Aubrey (a gentleman much addicted to alchemy, judicial aſtrology, and ſuperſtition) who ſays of himſelf in his diary, "that he was born weakly, not likely to live, and chriſtened immediately after his birth;" and, which produces a ſecond reſemblance, he writes, "I made my firſt addreſſes, in an *ill hour*, to Joan Sommer." Was not Addiſon born under as unlucky a planet as John Aubrey? and muſt we not ſuppoſe, in the language of Prior, "the ſtars were more in fault than they?" Wits and ſcholars are not famous for domeſtic happineſs (though Rowe was happy in his choice) nor even for making the beſt of huſbands; and philoſophers, ſays Eloiſa, have no buſineſs for wives. Addiſon certainly did not find the temple of Hymen contiguous to that of Happineſs, as Honour was to the temple of Virtue. The complacency he did not en-

joy at home, which was the entertaining at *his* table (or *her* table, as ſhe might term it) men of wit and literature, he ſought for in public buſineſs, and took the refuge of the Coffee-houſe or the Tavern with ſelect friends. "I received the news, ſays Lady Wortley Montague, in a letter to Pope, from the Eaſt, of Addiſon's being declared Secretary of State, with the leſs ſurprize, in that I knew that poſt was almoſt offered to him before. At that time he declined it; and I really believe he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a poſt as that, and ſuch a wife as the Counteſs, do not ſeem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is aſthmatic; and we may ſee the day when he will be heartily glad to reſign them both." Thus writes that conſummate judge of both ſexes!

Addiſon's daughter by Lady Warwick is ſtill alive, and unmarried. She lives, ſays my informant, within three miles of Claybrook in Leiceſterſhire, probably at Bilſton; and is almoſt old enough to be ſuperannuated. Indeed, by all accounts, ſhe was not a Minerva from the brain of Jupiter:

"But careleſs now of fortune, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that *Addiſon* was great."

Addi-

Addiſon ſat in the two laſt parliaments of the Queen. The Journals of the Houſe of Commons record, that on a petition, in 1708, againſt his election for Leſtwithiel, he was found not duly elected. By the intereſt of Lord Wharton he was choſen member for Malmeſbury at the general election. The time is perhaps coming, when burgage tenure, which Burnet calls the rotten part of the conſtitution, may be corrected, and when members of parliament may not be *adſcripti glebæ*. "So popular was Addiſon become, ſays Swift to Stella, that if he had ſtood for the Kingſhip, he would have been choſen." In his Freeholder he is a champion for the ſeptennial bill, which was carried for the preſervation of the Houſe of Hanover, and which continues for the duration of miniſters. How much landed eſtate he had does not appear. Somervile writes ſome verſes to him on his purchaſe in Warwickſhire. The qualification act had paſſed, which, according to Burnet, ſet up property againſt reputation. Steele, who was never burdened with wealth in dirty acres, was in parliament in the Queen's time for Stockbridge, and after the Acceſſion for Boroughbridge. Steele's

manner of gratifying his electors for Stockbridge was by winning their wives over to his intereſt. It may poſſibly put the hiſtorical reader in mind of Darius Hyſtaſpes ſucceeding to the throne of Perſia by the neighing of his horſe. For Steele undertook to be godfather, or to give a ſum of money, to all the children that ſhould be born in a twelvemonth after his election. Addiſon ſat by the ſide of Steele on the day of his expulſion, and prompted him very ably. But the book of numbers was called for, and neither his cauſe nor his wit could ſave him from expulſion. On the merit of his ſufferings for his party, Steele obtained a recompence at the Acceſſion. But money ſeemed to have an odd effect on our diſtreſſed and new-created knight; for every additional ſum ſeems to have raiſed new wants, and to have thrown him into greater difficulties.

A ſeat in the Houſe of Commons is no new turnpike road to importance in the State. But Addiſon made as little advantage of it as any man that ever ſat on the treaſury-bench. He neither meant to corrupt nor be corrupted. Perhaps he thought, till experience convinced

vinced him to the contrary, he could make a public ſpeaker, or be able to produce a *ſingle ſpeech* at leaſt. He certainly once got up to ſpeak: on what occaſion is not now known. The expectation of the houſe was ſo great, and the cries of "hear him, hear him," ſo thundered in his ears, that he was intimidated, and ſat down. The memory of Lord Shafteſbury, when a commoner, deſerted him, whilſt ſpeaking on the bill for allowing counſel in caſes of high treaſon; but he recovered himſelf, and converted his want of preſence of mind in that place into an argument for the bill, which paſſed that ſeſſion into a law. The firſt Duke of Ormond, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the courſe of his ſpeech to that parliament, was loſt, whether recoverably or otherwiſe, the writer does not recollect; but the accident perhaps is mentioned in Carte's Hiſtory of that Duke. Our great Tillotſon thought he could preach a ſermon extempore; but was ſoon obliged to deſcend from the pulpit, which was mounted immediately by Biſhop Burnet, who had none of thoſe defects in his compoſition. Lord Halifax uſed to tell

Addi-

Addiſon, " that it was a pity and a ſhame he ſhould ſuffer a ſilly fellow in the houſe to get up and prate for an hour together and not make him an anſwer." To face an audience for the firſt time is awful to confidence itſelf. " *This is terrible indeed!*" were the words of ſenſibility in the extreme, uttered upon the ſcaffold, in the ſight of innumerable ſpectators. As the miniſtry found Addiſon was no orator, they excuſed him. Could he have been transferred from the club to the ſenate, under the elevation of wine he might have talked, as was ſaid by the court flatterers to James the firſt, like a man inſpired. His baſhfulneſs was overcome at the table with his friends: " Then," to uſe the rant of Statira, " he would talk, good gods, how he would talk!"

In April, 1717, by the influence of Lord Sunderland, he was appointed Secretary of State. That nomination was thought to be for the honour of the nation: " By merit raiſed to that high eminence." Though he was by no means capable of managing the Houſe of Commons, or taking the lead in public affairs, he was perfectly convinced they were in ſafe hands, and that we had a

good

good king and good miniſters. He wrote in defence of the peerage bill, which, as it raiſed an alarm, and becauſe ſome unpopular acts had paſſed ſince the Acceſſion, the miniſtry choſe to give up. Steele, in a paper called the Plebeian, was the antagoniſt of the Patrician. It is ſuppoſed this bill was brought forward to ſerve as a check upon the heir apparent, who was not upon the beſt terms with his father. Mr. Walpole is ſaid to have had the honour to make up the royal differences ſome time after.

Addiſon was ſinking into a bad habit of body. His conſtitution was certainly but an indifferent one. But his great care was *how* to live. There are many who are ſtrangers to a day of complete health; and to whom, as well as Addiſon and Pope, *life is a continual diſeaſe*. Tacitus Gordon, at this time an adventurer from Scotland, and a great admirer of Addiſon, uſed to relate, that "he killed himſelf with drinking *the widow Trueby's water*; (ſee the Spectator.) He ſoon found himſelf unfit for the drudgery of a political life, and to be a pack-horſe of ſtate. Poſſibly his parts might be originally too fine, as Clarendon ſays of Lord Southampton, for ſuch coarſe work.

He,

He, who for ſo many years frequented the levées of others, now, by his rank in the ſtate, was intitled to have one of his own.

He had poets to wait upon him, who, as a poet, had given ſo many attendances. Ambroſe Philips complained, "he had done nothing for him." Addiſon is reported to have dryly aſked him, "Are you not made a Juſtice of Peace?" He became a ſort of patron to claſſical men. Maittaire and Trapp dedicated to him. He gave a purſe of guineas to Milton's daughter, whom he knew at firſt ſight from her father's picture. He intended to have preſented her to Queen Caroline—the Queen of the Whigs. Pope carries his condemnation of Addiſon very far, when he inſinuates, he ſhook off the whole poetical tribe, and

"Damn'd for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe."

Feeling himſelf now quite incapable of going through the fatigues of his office, and fearing leaſt the public ſervice ſhould ſuffer by his lying by, he reſigned the ſeals, and retired from town, to attend to the recovery of his health. The King granted him a penſion of 1500*l.* a year. His friends began to have

have ſome hopes of his laſting a good while longer, and of his having it in his power to purſue his literary amuſements. For he writes to Swift, "that he is better, having got rid of his place and his aſthma." But after his enduring a great deal of pain, a return of his diſorder, attended with a dropſy, put a period to his valuable life, at Holland-houſe, on June 17, 1719, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Perceiving the rapid approach of his diſſolution, he ſent for Lord Warwick; and was with difficulty ſupported by cordials till he came; who wiſhed to know his commands. "I have ſent for you, ſays Addiſon, that you may be a witneſs how a Chriſtian can die." This memorable death, ſurely as affecting and as exemplary as that of Socrates (whoſe ſtory he was about to weave into a tragedy) is pathetically alluded to by Tickell, in his undying verſes, which Steele illnaturedly calls, proſe in rhime.

"He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
The price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

Dr. Young, in his Eſſay on Original Compoſition, has taken care that the behaviour

of this great and good man, in his laſt moments, ſhall not be overlooked. The widow of the Biſhop of Cloyne has reported in converſation, as her huſband told her, that Addiſon often obſerved, he had been in danger of loſing his religion, by attaching himſelf to the Whigs. Whatever conceſſion Addiſon might make to Dean Berkley, who was a Tory, he could remain, with low-churchmen, like Socrates in Athens, however infected it might be with the plague.

Thus comments, immediately after the event, Mr. Hughes, *quo non præſtantior alter*, in a letter to Earl Cowper, "I condole with your Lordſhip on the loſs of that fine genius Mr. Addiſon. I ſhall often now think on that topic, from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undiſtinguiſhed perſon, who bewails himſelf on the ſhortneſs of life, and the certain proſpect of death." Achilles has done the ſame in Homer.

"Ancus, thy better far, was born to die,
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?
The founders of invented acts are loſt,
And wits who made eternity their boaſt:
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?"

DRYDEN.

This

This moralizing pen (in the words of Addiſon, when amongſt the tombs of Weſtminſter-abbey) conſiders the vanity of grieving for thoſe whom he muſt quickly follow. This writer feels a vacancy from the ſudden loſs of the converſation and friendſhip of the Earl of Suffolk, and laments his departure, though death may be ready to ſurprize him, by knocking at his own door. Hughes followed Addiſon a few months afterwards: *ut unda ſupervenit undam.* They both lived well, and are in the catalogue of poets, to whom, as Johnſon ſays of Weſt, "the grave need not be terrible." Addiſon was buried by torch-light in the Cloyſters of Weſtminſter-abbey, where, as he ſays, there are poets without monuments (his own caſe) and monuments without poets; the whole choir attending the ſervice. Craggs, his ſucceſſor, did not ſtay long behind him; and was buried in the ſame grave. Like Saul and Jonathan, they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. Excuſe, Reader, the ſolemnity of the quotation and application. If he had lived longer it is probable he would have gone on with

his diſcourſe upon the Chriſtian Religion. It is ſaid he intended a tranſlation of the Pſalms, of which he has given ſome beautiful ſpecimens in the Spectator. Surely his imitations poſſeſs as much of the ſpirit of the Royal Poet, as thoſe of Buchanan or Johnſton, and are more *vocal* and valuable to the Engliſh reader. The divine ode in the 489th Spectator, on his return from his travels, is pious and poetical in the higheſt degree. The eſcape from ſhipwreck, in the Italian ſeas (when, as he relates, the captain confeſſed himſelf to a Capuchin on board) might warm him into that devotional rhapſody. The whole is admirable: accept a ſtanza—*ex uno diſce omnes.*

" Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art."

Steele aſſerts, that " whatever Steele owed to Addiſon, the world owed Addiſon to Steele." He thus vindicates himſelf, and lays poſterity *(ſuum cuique rependet poſteritas)* under an obligation for being the gentleman-uſher to Addiſon. They were both men of good

good principles in Church and State. Steele, more careleſs of conſequences, was more intemperate in his politics. They had no differences in party; but only on the degree of it. The political thermometer (ſee that paper in the Tatler) of Addiſon did not mount ſo high as his coadjutor's. Steele, by attaching himſelf to Mr. Walpole, and Addiſon to Sunderland, engaged one another in a paper duel, in the dark, when they took up their pens on the ſubject of the peerage-bill. When Addiſon found out his friend *Dicky*, he treated him with a little ſeverity. Steele ſuffered Addiſon to make free with him on all occaſions. Sheridan ſubmitted in the ſame manner to Dr. Swift. But it produced no quarrels. Steele had his laſs, and Addiſon his glaſs, without mutual reproach.

If you have a mind to quarrel with your friend, ſays old Obſervation, "accommodate him with a ſum of money." Addiſon lent Steele an hundred pounds, and ſued him for payment. The common interpretation on this behaviour is to the diſadvantage of Addiſon. There is in every ſtory ſome circumſtance that is overlooked, and not brought to account.

Poſ-

Poſſibly Addiſon took that ſtep to ſerve Steele, or to ſave him from a greater ſhame. But is the fact true? whence does the ſtory originate? Every body cannot burn promiſſory notes, as the bankers did thoſe of Charles V. at the entertainment they gave him at Bruſſels. Probably Steele forgave or forgot any unkindneſs in the tranſaction alluded to; for after Addiſon's death he promiſes Congreve to aſſume the pen, to diſplay the originality of Addiſon's genius. Sir Richard (for at the Acceſſion he was knighted, and, if we are not miſtaken, with the ſword of the Duke of Marlborough, as well as Dr. Garth) relates, that Addiſon was able to dictate with rapidity to his amanuenſis, whilſt he walked about the room, and attended to the coherence and the grammar. He muſt have had a ſtrong head, and great collectedneſs for this purpoſe, and have perfected this uncommon qualification into a habit. Steele mentions this whilſt he is on the ſubject of the Haunted Houſe: in which Comedy, almoſt demonſtratively the performance of Addiſon, nobody enters on the ſtage, or quits it, as is remarked of Terence, without a reaſon.

Lord

Lord Bacon, as deſcribed by Dr. Rawleigh, his Secretary, was able to dictate for whole hours, without the leaſt intermiſſion. Neceſſity, as much as inclination, compells to this practice. The voluminous and entertaining Dr. Campbell (whoſe converſation in Queen-ſquare will be long remembered by his friends) compoſed with the pen of an amanuenſis. He dictated his Political Survey of Britain, which his trembling hand could not have written without fatigue.

The poetical author of the Enthuſiaſt, preſerved in Dodſley's miſcellanies, now ripened into an accompliſhed critic, aſks, "what are the lays of artful Addiſon, coldly correct, to" ——Addiſon had not perhaps by nature "the poet's eye, in a fine phrenſy rolling," as we boaſt of Shakſpeare, "with thoughts that melt, and words that burn:" but he was not always lifeleſs. If there was any foundation for Tickell's aſſertion, that his pulſe was not regular, it would account for the ebb and flow of wit, which that circumſtance muſt produce in moſt men, and might on him. His muſe perhaps reſembled too much the temper of his Duke of Marlborough,

borough, "inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd." Gilbert Cooper, who thinks meanly of him as a poet and a critic, ſeems not to be wide from a true determination, when he pronounces "his tranſlations to read like originals, and his originals like tranſlations." His judgement then ſeems to be greater than his fancy. Certainly, as Lord Roſcommon aſſerts, in tranſlation "the fancy labours leſs, the judgement more." Dr. Felton ſays, he does not know which to prefer, the Latin or the Engliſh poems of Addiſon. His Latin poems have been often turned into Engliſh verſe. Dr. Beattie's Engliſh verſion and enlargement of the Pygmies and Cranes would have pleaſed Addiſon himſelf. The world is almoſt tired with Latin poetry, eſpecially ſince his time. The Mouſetrap of Holdſworth, and the Immortality of the Soul, of Hawkins Browne, are not often enough equalled, to make modern Latin poetry called for. Mr. Melmoth is againſt writing or reading poetry in the circumſcription of Latin expreſſions. He ſays, that the ſtyle of theſe performances always puts him in mind of Harlequin's ſnuff, which he collected, by borrowing a pinch out

of

of every man's box he could meet, and then retailing it to his cuſtomers, under the pompous title of *Tabac de mille fleurs.*"

The new appearance of Freſnoy's Latin poem on Painting, tranſlated by Mr. Maſon, and with notes by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, muſt afford a preſent entertainment to the ſcholar, and be a ſource of more general amuſement to the mere Engliſh Reader. The public muſt be curious to examine whether the caſket contains a jewel, or not.

The Tory pen of Mrs. Manley, in the Atalantis, whom Addiſon calls the Female Tatler, did not injure his reputation ſo much whilſt he was alive, where he is deſcribed as walking in the gallery of Sergius (Lord Halifax) as Pope's delineation of him under the name of Atticus has done, even down to our own times. In the words of Campbell, the ſatire "is bright and piercing as lightning, and as fatally blaſting." The ſtory of the tranſlation of the firſt book of Homer, and of employing Gildon to write the libel on Pope, have been looked into. The inquiring Warton informs us, that he was aſſured by Dr. Young, Lord Bathurſt, Walter

Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, that Addiſon certainly tranſlated the firſt book of the Iliad, which he patroniſed as Tickell's; yet, that he had lately heard, ſome proofs to the contrary have been diſcovered. The belief of Pope on theſe two points, from tell-tale and hear-ſay, reflects ſome diſcredit on himſelf. No one is permitted to decide in his own caſe, and poets are not the beſt judges of evidence. Under the article of Addiſon, in the new Biographia, is a large inveſtigation of theſe charges againſt Addiſon, and a vindication of him by Judge Blackſtone. As an author, no man is more panegyrical on Addiſon than Pope. In his verſes to him on his Dialogues on Medals he points to "A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon!" In one of his happieſt imitations of Horace he writes,

"And, in our days (excuſe ſome courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains:
He from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth."

Addiſon is not ſparing of his praiſes on Pope. He determined him on his tranſlation of Homer, as Pope confeſſes, recommended

it

it to the world, and probably obtained him ſubſcribers. But the ſword of Warburton has aſſaulted Addiſon, though not with wounds that never cloſe, beyond any of his contemporaries. He perpetually repreſents him as a poor poet, and a ſuperficial critic: and was ſeconded by the acute commentator, now elevated above critical commendation, of Horace's Art of Poetry. Dr. Hurd makes Addiſon talk, in a converſation with Arbuthnot and Digby, at Kenelworth Caſtle, as well as he could in his own perſon, and like a Whig. The Dialogue is important. The ſubject is the idea of the golden reign of Queen Elizabeth, which Addiſon is made to explain; and then our admiration and wonder of thoſe times is much abated.—But the death of Warburton is become the life of Addiſon; for Mr. Hayley, whoſe explanatory notes are as pleaſing as his poetry, has defended him againſt that able deſpôt in literature. Even our Ariſtarchus Bentley compliments Addiſon with the title of the *ingenious Gentleman*, as the Commentator on Paradiſe Loſt. But Warburton, at the end of his preface to Shakſpeare, ſeems to think of him more con-

temptuouſly. Mr. Hayley thus pronounces, now without fear or danger, that "Addiſon, though inſulted by the commentator of Pope, with the names of an indifferent poet and a worſe critic, was as much ſuperior to his inſulter in critical taſte and in ſolidity of judgement, as he confeſſedly was in the harmony of his ſtyle, and in all the finer graces of beautiful compoſition." If feeling or ſentiment is not only the ſureſt, but the ſole ultimate arbiter of works of genius, Addiſon was not wanting in one of the critical qualifications. Whether he poſſeſſed the three endowments neceſſary for an accompliſhed critic in the ſupreme degree; namely, ſtrong underſtanding, lively imagination, and refined ſenſibility, the pertneſs of this pen ſhall not determine. The firſt, according to Mr. Hayley, belongs to Ariſtotle, the others to Longinus indiſputably, whom Addiſon admires, and therefore means to imitate. The great tranſlator of the Sublime (Dr. Smith) exclaims in this apoſtrophe—"but what a tedious interval is there between Longinus and Mr. Addiſon! He has not profeſſedly drawn his criticiſm from the princi-

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ples of human nature, as the late Lord Kaims has done. But he deſcended from the heights, and wrote ſo ſucceſsfully to the underſtanding of his readers, that, to uſe a certain *oratorical* metaphor, *he hit them between wind and water*. No author has done more, in the language of Shafteſbury on Locke's Eſſay, "to bring criticiſm into good company."

Perhaps no two men poſſeſſed *wit* and *humour* in a higher degree than Addiſon and Swift. *Wit* was moſt predominant in the one, and *Humour* in the other. The ſharp point of the one was levelled at the man; of the other, at the vice or folly. One meant to reform, the other to chaſtiſe. If the raillery of the one became now and then perſonal, which is confeſſed by Steele to be the caſe on ſome of the wittieſt men of the age; the ſatire of the other was directed to the ſpecies. One meant to dignify, the other to degrade human nature. If both had readers and hearers, one only was loved, the other was but admired and worſhipped through fear. The one was never in a bad temper; the other ſeldom in a good one. Wit is allowed to be a dangerous

gerous weapon in the poſſeſſion of an ill-natured perſon. "I am ſorry, ſays South, inſultingly to Sherlock, it has not pleaſed God to give you wit:" with which he triumphed over every body in the laſt century. Steele feels himſelf bold when he tells Swift in a letter, "I am neither afraid of your *wit*, nor my Lord Treaſurer's power." Addiſon endeavours to reclaim by expoſtulation, by harmleſs irony, and by letting you ſee your errors in a true mirror: Swift meant to expoſe you to yourſelf, and preſented for that purpoſe a Gorgon's head to your imagination, and thought he had not done enough till he had written down your fame and fortune, as was the caſe with Wood and Bettiſworth. A vertigo ſnatched the pen out of his hand, before he had finiſhed his Legion Club. Into what a pandemonium does he convert the Iriſh parliament? Addiſon, like Horace, exhibits himſelf with ſmiles, "but gives the dangerous paſſes when he ſmiles." The other, to uſe a Johnſonianiſm, "bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammation and gangrene behind him." This tranſcriber, for half of the performance conſiſts

ſiſts of quotation, is ſtruck with the virility of an expreſſion of Warburton's, in a letter to Dr. Birch, and preſerved by Maty, in his excellent periodical Review, which threatens to as much purpoſe as Swift has done. "I ſhall hang him and his fellows as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to poſterity to ſtick and blacken in the wind; and this will I do, was the pope himſelf their protector."

The judgement of Mercury, in Lyttelton's Dialogues, on Addiſon and Swift, as wits and not as men, diſplays many a *ſhade* of difference in the caſt of their minds. The decree runs to this purpoſe, "When a hero is brought hither who wants to be humbled, let the taſk of lowering his arrogance be aſſigned to Swift. The ſame office may be done to a philoſopher, vain of his wiſdom and virtue, or to a bigot, puffed up with ſpiritual pride. I would have him apply his *anticoſmetic* waſh to the painted face of female vanity; and his rod, which draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent folly, or petulant wit. But Addiſon ſhould be employed to comfort thoſe whoſe delicate minds

minds are dejected with too painful a ſenſe of their nature. To them he ſhould hold his fair and charitable *mirror*, which would bring to their ſight their hidden excellencies, and put them in a temper fit for elyſium."

Plutarch, that great comparer of characters, could not have determined better than Lyttelton, through the mouth of Mercury.

The only portrait of Addiſon is from a picture by Kneller, painted for the Kit Cat Club, and was in the poſſeſſion of Tonſon at Barn Elms. Old Jacob was their ſecretary, and diſliked Addiſon, whoſe works have been a fortune to thoſe of his name. It is reported that Addiſon's addreſs was very aukward. Poſſibly his dancing-maſter might ſay of him, as the famous French one does of the Treaſurer Oxford, in a volume of Swift, that "he could make nothing of him." What Montaign ſays of himſelf, Addiſon might appropriate: "In dancing, tennis, or wreſtling, I could never arrive at any excellence; in ſwimming, fencing, vaulting, and leaping, to none at all." He was born for nobler and better purpoſes. He was born for others. But he muſt have had ſome uncommon qualifications

tions to have enabled him *principibus placuiſſe viris*. Pope relates to Spence, that his converſation had a charm in it, beyond any one's he ever knew. The idea of excellence in theſe lines,

"Bleſt with each talent, and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe,"

is given with a great drawback upon his whole merit, in the deſcription of Atticus. "For my part, ſays Lord Cheſterfield, I uſed to think myſelf in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addiſon and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the Princes in Europe."

It will coſt the reader little to be told, before it is too late, that politics occaſioned Addiſon to oppoſe himſelf to Prior, in defence of Garth, and alſo the Whigs—Garth, in his Diſpenſary, has this line,

"And crowns th' immortal brows of Addiſon:"

When our panegyriſed poet had the opportunity, he defended a poem of Garth's to Lord Treaſurer Godolphin. He finiſhes what he has to ſay, in favour of his friend, that he who ſhall aſſert that the writer of the

Diſpenſary is no poet, by and by may indiſcreetly aſſert, that the conqueror at Blenheim is no hero. Perhaps the contempt of Addiſon for Prior might provoke the latter to write, at the end of his Alma:

"For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like *ſimple* Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?"

If this is praiſe, it is unlooked for; if ſatire, was it diſcerned till now?

The expedition of this pen has forgot two or three particulars. From the information of Tonſon, who informed Garrick, Mr. Addiſon is declared to be the author of the Epilogue of the Diſtreſſed Mother. It is ſaid to have been printed off with his name. He permitted it to paſs for the compoſition of Budgell, who called himſelf a relation, and whom he wanted to recommend to a place, by the merit of theſe verſes. It continues to be ſpoken after the tragedy; the only inſtance of the recitation of an old epilogue in the theatrical chronicle.

Addiſon compoſed materials for his entertaining dialogues on medals, whilſt he continued

tinued at Vienna. They were not publiſhed in his life-time. Spence, who purſued Addiſon's idea in his Polymetis ſays, that when he obſerved to a certain profeſſor at Vienna, whither he attended Lord Middleſex, that Addiſon compoſed a volume on the ſubject of Medals, he was ſurprized, for, ſays he, "I never gave him but ſix lectures." A good maſter, perhaps, and an apt ſcholar!

To return to the concluſion of this Eſſay. Addiſon's moral character was unimpeached. His integrity in office was never called in queſtion. He took his ſalary, and all lawful perquiſites, and excuſed nobody. He was a ſound Whig, and probably had to bear the cenſures of the Tories, whom, in the ſhape of foxhunters and country gentlemen, he now and then ſported with. Had he lived longer, he would have continued a greater bleſſing. No man, in ſo ſhort a life, had done more ſervice to his country, which he perpetuates through all generations. His writings will continue to be a ſtandard for purity of language, juſtneſs of ſentiments, and a *vade mecum* for moral conduct. Swift, Addiſon, and Bolingbroke are the triumvirate of Lord Orrery, for elegant

gant and polite expreſſion. He was one of the few who left the world better than he found it. As a writer of taſte, the following words of Plato have been happily applied to him, in a letter of Fitz-Oſborne, "the Graces, having ſearched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, ſettled at laſt in the breaſt of Mr. ADDISON."

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